Whiskey and Wine

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Whiskey and Wine

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Summary

“Jogging and lung cancer,” the man mused as Nigel sucked down gulps of water. “Nice multitasking.”

“Fuck you.”

“Could you though?” The guy had his hands on his hips and his head tilted in a way that made Nigel think of a badly acted elementary teacher in a sitcom. “With that lung capacity I don’t think you’d get farther than getting it up.”

Lee runs (almost literally) into a gruff and rude man on his usual morning jog... what could possibly happen between two random strangers?

Notes

For our gorgeous friend and beta-fish, who asked for some switchy (but mostly top Lee) BearDogs... and we couldn't say no!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Nigel didn't really believe in this whole 'getting back on your feet' business so much as he was fucking *bored* and had to do *something* to pass the time that wasn't overthinking or jerking off to mediocre porn.

And he had no more excuses of injury, either, he'd been cleared, his stitches had been taken out, and he was as healthy as one could be when his diet consisted of cheap beer and a pack a day. And a burger, once in a while.

He'd lost a lot of muscle mass when he'd been bed-bound and that honestly fucked him off a bit. He hadn't been particularly vain about his appearance before but he hated seeing how scrawny he appeared in the foggy bathroom mirror after a shower. He needed to get his stomach tight again, his arms back to stretching out the sleeves of his shirts. And he needed to do it without anyone cheerfully 'encouraging' him in a gym or a studio.

So. Running it was.

Running wasn't so bad. Once he found his pace he just kept plodding along at it. Enough people jogged in New York that no one looked askance, and Nigel was good enough at navigating through a crowd that he didn't knock into people or cause any particular havoc. What he hated, though, was that he kept aching for a cigarette.

Sure, he was getting back into shape, but a smoke was a smoke, and that shit was sacred. So, being the genius that he was, Nigel started running with a cigarette between his lips. Two birds, one stone. Nicotine in the blood and blood being pumped right quick around the body getting it where it needed to go.

It was such a good idea Nigel had no clue why no one had thought of it before.

It took him two city blocks to understand why, and by then it was the principle of the thing and he would smoke his damn cigarette to the filter and run while he did it, because fuck you that's why.

If he had to stop and choke on a breath once in a while, if he got a few more stares than he'd gotten before, he didn't give a shit.

Somewhere between Central Park and whatever the fuck was two blocks from Central Park, a water bottle shoved itself under his nose as he hacked up half his lung. He blinked up at the man that held it, some fit asshole with his hair buzzed short and a shirt that hugged him too tight.

"Breathe," the man said, "and then drink."

Nigel flipped him off. What kind of advice was that, *breathe?* Of course he was breathing. He was just breathing a lot more chunks of lung and tar than usual.

Still, Nigel didn't have anything better to do, and rather than be properly scared off, the man was just standing there, water bottle still held out. Nigel drew in another awkward breath, and another, and finally held his hand out for the water bottle.

"Jogging *and* lung cancer," the man mused as Nigel sucked down gulps of water. "Nice multitasking."

"Fuck you."

"Could you though?" The guy had his hands on his hips and his head tilted in a way that made Nigel think of a badly acted elementary teacher in a sitcom. "With that lung capacity I don't think you'd get farther than getting it up."

Nigel turned to glare at him, bottle still in his mouth, and narrowed his eyes. The other found it far less intimidating than he should have. When Nigel handed him the - now empty - bottle he shrugged.

"Just starting out then?"

"What?"

"With exercise," he clarified. "Or starting a new trend? Seeing if you die before you get healthier?"

"What the fuck is your problem?"

"Mine? None," he shrugged, turning the bottle cap lazily back onto the bottle. "I was on my third lap when I saw your engines give out. What's *your* problem?"

Irritated, Nigel shoved up his fringe to show off the injury that had very nearly ended his life, a long graze heading towards his temple. "Ever been shot in the head and confined to a hospital bed for fucking ever?"

The man looked at the scar, a cool, composed expression on his face. Most people flinched or freaked out, around this point.

"Shot? No. Hospital bed, yes." The man shrugged, running a hand over his short hair. "Melanoma."

For once, it was Nigel's turn to wince. "Hell of a hand of cards. Shouldn't you be under an umbrella or something?"

"I'm in remission," the man explained, "and coated in an entire bottle of sunscreen. Can't live my life in fear of what *might* happen."

"Wise words." Nigel found himself staring longingly at the empty water bottle. Usually, he just bought one whenever he got thirsty, but he might have to start carrying one around if thirst was going to be quite this inconvenient.

The man glanced from the bottle, back to Nigel. “Buy you a drink?” He finally asked. “My run’s over anyway, without this. Might as well end on a high note. You like coffee?”

“You like anything stronger?”

The guy snorted. “It’s not even midday. Fuck it. You only live once. You live around here?”

“No.”

“Good. Neither. Come on.”

They found what was at its very core a dive bar, and Nigel immediately relaxed. He wanted nothing more than to get drunk, forget he started this whole bullshit endeavor in the first place and probably never see the guy again.

Lee - the guy’s name, apparently - insisted on buying the first round and Nigel nodded, grunting out that he’d have anything in the whiskey family with as little ice as possible before moving deeper in to find a booth.

It wasn’t even midday, when he checked the time, and the bar was damn near empty, and quiet for it. Good. He didn’t have the energy to deal with people. One person was already weighing on his nerves, but he supposed he owed the guy a drink at least for fucking up his day. When Lee came over he slammed a heavy-bottomed tumbler onto the table in front of Nigel and grinned.

“The guy at the bar said it was the least shit.”

Lee had gotten himself a glass of wine, and actually goddamn *smelled* it before taking a sip. Nigel snorted. “You’re the weirdest fucking person I’ve met.”

“In New York?” Lee grinned. “Don’t get out much, do you?”

He didn’t, but that was besides the point. “You’re at a dive bar with a sweaty stranger, drinking a glass of wine like you’re at the Ritz.”

“I like wine,” Lee said with a shrug. “And I like sweaty strangers.” He eyed Nigel cautiously, at this statement.

Nigel, for his part, was more surprised than he should have been. He wasn’t in a seedy alley in Bucharest. This was New York. People could be more open about that sort of thing, most of the time.

Nigel was no stranger to sex with whoever he could coax into it, but it took him a moment to decide how to respond to Lee’s obvious flirting. There was always the opportunity to go home and forget the whole day, of course. Sit alone in his empty apartment and smoke an entire pack while *not* thinking about his ex wife.

But that hadn’t done him any good so far.

“What else do you like?” He asked. Lee grinned, hiding his pleasure in a sip of wine.

“Oh, a little of this, little of that. I’ve got a whole bag of tricks, if you stick around long enough.”

“You got me curious enough that I just might,” Nigel replied, and Lee’s smile somehow widened further. He was a handsome guy. Weird as fuck, but far from bad looking. And he wasn’t scared of Nigel.

He supposed someone who’d gone through cancer treatment probably wasn’t scared of much.

“Outside of subtly veiled flirting, I like wine. I like being outside. I like to meditate and to keep my mind quiet. I like to read, and I’m not a half-bad cook. If I’m going to absolutely *blatantly* put my cards on the table here, I love men who are larger than me and I love bringing them to their knees.” Lee licked his lips and took another slow sip, watching Nigel’s reactions write themselves on his face over the rim of his glass. “What do you like?”

Nigel cursed, drinking down half his whiskey in a single swallow and wincing at the burn. He caught an ice cube between his teeth and chewed it pensively, letting his eyes roam over the guy across from him. He was a confident fucker. Would be annoying if it wasn’t such a fun challenge to meet. Nigel hadn’t actually had anyone talk back to him for *years* . Too scared that he might pull a gun on them.

He would have, but it disappointed him some days that he didn’t even get the chance to.

“I’m a bad man with a bad past and I don’t get up to much anymore,” Nigel admitted with a shrug. “I like guns, I understand them. I used to like fast women. I’ve never turned down a gorgeous mouth between my legs, and I don’t think you’re as good as you’re talking yourself up to be.” he finished, sitting back and crossing his arms.

Lee raised an eyebrow, unimpressed but certainly amused. “That was a terrible attempt to get me to show off,” he said. “You could just ask nicely.”

“I don’t do begging.”

“Because you don’t like it, or because you haven’t tried it?”

Nigel stared Lee down. Lee stared back, completely unafraid of him. If Nigel was honest with himself, it was refreshing. Terrorizing everyone in his path got old.

“No one’s ever done anything that made me need to,” Nigel finally said. “Or *want* to. I don’t see you changing that, even if you turn out to be the best lay I’ve ever had.”

“Oh, I will be,” Lee assured him, smile bright.

“Put up or shut up, darling.”

Lee set the empty wineglass on the table. His expression changed. He looked, suddenly, like a predator. The bigger shark in an ocean Nigel had dominated until now.

“If you want to play, Nigel, you play by my rules. I don’t take home men who think they’ll take me over.”

Nigel considered him, tried to find a crack in his armor and couldn't. And that was refreshing too. He'd had guys stand up to him before, but always falter when he stepped too close or bared his teeth too quick. Lee didn't seem to waver. He was as comfortable being *this* as he had been the flirting, laughing man outside.

Nothing sexier than someone who knew themselves.

Nigel grunted and finished his own drink, setting it down next to Lee's glass before folding his hands over the table.

"Alright, darling, what are the rules?"

Lee's expression warmed, but didn't soften. "I lead, you follow. I give, you take. And you come only with permission."

Nigel's brow went up despite himself. Those weren't rules he'd ever had leveled on him before and it was novel. He was curious, more and more, the longer they spent together. And hell, if he found he didn't like being fucked by a sexy confident guy then New York city was big enough for two of them to run and not run into *each other* .

"You gonna tie me up too?"

Lee snorted, tilting his head. "Not the first time."

With a hum, Nigel sat back and tapped his fingers against the worn wood. Then he looked up, met Lee's eyes and titled his head to mirror him. "You'd better lead, then."

Lee grinned, that bright, pleased thing from before, and moved to stand. Nigel noticed that while his cool dominance had slipped from his expression as they walked side by side on the street, the memory was lingering enough to have Nigel glance at him every few blocks. Lee would catch his gaze and narrow his eyes, amused, before looking away. He directed them with shrugs and tilts of his hips, and when they reached his building, Nigel whistled lowly, impressed.

"Never fear," Lee told him, holding open the door. "Upstairs is far less impressive."

Upstairs was a tidy little apartment with carefully chosen furnishings and minimalist decorations. The view was much better than the one in Nigel's place, mostly because it existed. Nigel's window just overlooked the building next door.

"Alright," Nigel said, once they'd kicked off their shoes and Lee had gestured him further into the apartment, "where do we begin?"

"Generally, in the bedroom," Lee said with a laugh, "but since you're so eager, we can start right here. Take off your clothes."

Silence, as Nigel tried to work out whether or not the demand was serious. Lee raised an eyebrow.

"I don't often like to repeat myself," he teased.

“What about you, then?” Nigel asked, as he slowly peeled his t-shirt off over his head.

“We’ll get there,” Lee promised.

It was cool in the apartment. Pleasant when they’d just been out in the summer heat, but less so when Nigel was bare-assed in the living room. He shivered and didn’t cover himself, even though the cold hardly had him looking impressive.

He was used to being the man in Lee’s position, confidently telling people to undress, taking his time to look them over, to watch a blush crawl from their cheeks down to their throat. Or, more accurately, he didn’t look at them at all. Clothes littered the floor, and his cock found a hole to fuck into. That was usually the way of things, after Gabi.

But Lee was looking at him, biting his lip, letting the lower lids of his eyes twitch upwards just a little in contemplation. When he stepped closer it was to slide his hand through the hair on Nigel’s chest.

“Fuck you’re hot,” Lee informed him, voice low, eyes hooded. He was close enough that Nigel could reach out and touch him, but something held him back, told him not to, for just a little longer. He allowed himself to be explored instead; careful hands teasing over his nipples, down to caress the scar on his side like it was something precious rather than something vile, lower still to wrap his hand around Nigel’s cock and stroke, just once.

“Anything you don’t do?” Lee asked, looking up. Nigel raised an eyebrow. Lee snorted, shook his head. “Preferences. Kissing? Bareback oral? Rimming?”

“Giving or receiving?”

Lee clicked his tongue, pleased, and his grin drew wider. “I’ll surprise you.”

“Do I ever get to surprise *you* ?”

“You’re surprising me now,” Lee offered. He ducked his head to Nigel’s shoulder, kissing a trail along to his neck. Nigel tilted his head with a sigh. This, he understood. This he could do.

Lee led the way to the bedroom. He turned down the comforter and had Nigel climb up onto crisp white sheets and lay back, hands up by his head, just waiting.

“Now what?” He asked the ceiling. He felt a little bit stupid, laying still like this just because Lee had told him to.

“Now we have some fun.”

A stripe of fabric was draped suddenly over his eyes. “Don’t move,” Lee said, tying the blindfold in place.

"What -"

“Shut up,” Lee told him quietly, pressing his hand to Nigel’s sternum. Nigel wasn’t exactly going to take this lying down, but when he tried to move he found that very welcome warmth was teasing the skin of his groin and he could endure that for a while.

Lower, Nigel spreading his legs despite himself, and into the crook of his thigh where Lee drew his tongue over skin and Nigel ground out a curse towards the ceiling. He didn’t tease for much longer, though, and when Lee took Nigel into his mouth it was to the back of his throat and it was so *fucking* good.

“Shit,”

Lee hummed, amused, and set a desperately satisfying rhythm. Taking Nigel deep before pulling back to toy with the head of his cock; pulling back the foreskin, stroking up the length of him as the tip of his tongue drove Nigel *mad* with want. Any time Nigel arched up, any time he tried to grab or tug or demand, Lee pulled back and told him off. Not in words, exactly, but in pleased warm laughs, hums, clicks of his tongue, teeth set to the inside of Nigel’s thigh.

Unspoken yet entirely understood in what they were meant to say: stay the fuck still, let me suck you off my way.

It was hard to argue, when Lee was so good at what he did. He had Nigel gasping in minutes, tugging at the sheets to keep from yanking at Lee’s hair.

“Look at you,” Lee murmured against the base of Nigel’s cock. His lips traveled up to mouth playfully at the foreskin. “So big, so hard for me. I could do this all day.”

“Please don’t,” Nigel ground out. Lee laughed and bit at his thigh again.

“It’s been too long since I’ve had a man like you in my bed. Too long since I felt up to it. I intend to enjoy every minute of it.”

Nigel threw his head back with a groan. Lee went back to teasing. He mouthed at Nigel’s cock, his balls. He sucked a bruise into his thigh, high up enough to make Nigel’s thighs clench around his shoulders.

And then a finger, just one, gentle, exploratory. Not pressing yet, not without any lubrication, but Lee rubbed over his entrance in teasing passes.

Now this, Nigel wasn’t so familiar with. He tensed and shoved himself a little higher up the bed and Lee laughed, following. He kissed warm over Nigel’s thigh and sighed against him. “Calm down, I’m not a monster.”

Nigel grunted but said nothing. Lee nuzzled between his legs again. “Not sure how you’ll do if I eat your ass though, so we can save that for after lunch.”

“There’s going to be lunch?” Nigel muttered dryly. Lee snorted.

“So many things to say, so little time. Spread.”

Nigel did, hesitating long enough for Lee to nip his skin again. Outside of his usual role being reversed in bed, Lee hadn't actually done anything *wrong* to have Nigel so tense. He just… didn't take change well. And he'd never been fucked by a guy. When he felt Lee's fingers again, they were slick, and the teasing felt nicer. Nigel found himself relaxing with a huff of breath and tensing immediately back up again when Lee pressed the tip of his finger into him.

"You've never done this before have you?" Lee laughed gently.

"Shut up."

"No it's… sweet. Is that bad?"

"Did you fucking call me *sweet?* "

"Don't worry, I know you're a manly guy hung like a God but… I haven't deflowered anybody in *years* ."

Nigel felt his face burning hot. "Don't say it like that."

"Would you rather I pop your cherry?"

Nigel's startled bark of laughter relaxed him enough for Lee to slide further in, to get one finger fully into his body. Nigel tensed again immediately, but it was too late. Lee was inside him, just a small piece, but more than anyone else had ever been.

"There we go. Relax. I can make it feel good."

"I know how it works," Nigel mumbled. Behind the blindfold, his eyes were shut tight. "I've fucked a guy before."

"It's not the same," Lee said. "Let me show you."

Another finger, careful, but steady. Nigel drew in a slow breath and let it out, relaxing as much as he could when he was so fucking uncomfortable.

He'd never had anyone touch his prostate before. He wasn't entirely sure he wanted to find out what it was like. He remembered tiny things beneath him, whining and sobbing on his cock. They always came hard, but they sounded so pained and overwhelmed before they got there.

Lee's lips had wandered from Nigel's cock now, which was a pity, but when he felt his teeth against his stomach Nigel sucked it in with a hum of pleasure. And then -

"Fuck - fuck me," he gasped, sparks behind his eyes like goddamn galaxies. His entire body felt like liquid and his cock was so hard it almost hurt. And Lee was laughing, the bastard, he was chuckling against Nigel's chest as he nosed his way through the hair there and curled his fingers again.

“Best feeling in the fucking world,” Lee whispered, sucking a nipple between his lips as he continued to tease and stretch Nigel. He murmured that he could touch, if he wanted, and laughed again when Nigel *yanked* his hair and tugged Lee up to kiss him, deep and hungry, uncoordinated and messy. Lee kissed back just as eagerly, shifting to set both hands on either side of Nigel’s head as he straddled him and rocked down, clothed cock hard against Nigel’s leaking one.

“Fuck you have no idea how goddamn hot you look like this,” Lee told him, groaning when Nigel’s hands slid down his back to cup his ass and squeeze, urging Lee to rock against him harder, rutting up to meet him. “Don’t come,” Lee reminded him, breathless, “don’t come, not yet, trust me, it’s so much fucking better -”

Nigel kissed him to shut him up, to distract him, to distract himself. He was already so goddamn close he didn’t know how he wasn’t pulsing a mess between the two of them. But he held off, if only to keep that I-told-you-so smirk off Lee’s face when he could see him again if he came without *permission* .

“Get back down there,” he growled, could feel Lee’s grin against him, could taste it. “Finish what you fucking started.”

“Bossy,” Lee chided, flicking a finger over Nigel’s nipple. Before tonight, it was something Nigel had never even *considered* - why would his tits be as sensitive as a woman’s? - but now he was gasping and arching up into it. Lee laughed.

“I don’t take orders,” he reminded Nigel, slipping down to take a nipple lightly between his teeth. Nigel’s breath came in gasps, ending in a low groan when Lee bit his way over to the other one.

“You can finish when I’m inside you,” Lee said, pulling Nigel’s thighs up around his hips. “ *You* can be obedient, and then maybe you’ll get what you want.”

“Fucking-“

Lee kissed him to shut him up, deep and thorough. His fingers found Nigel’s entrance again, sliding in so much easier now that Nigel knew what to expect. Two, then three, pushing deep and curving hard on the drag out, drawing Nigel closer and closer to a peak he’d never felt before.

“Lee-“

“I’ve got you.”

Lee pulled his fingers out, clicking the plastic cap of the bottle again. A crunch of the condom wrapper, a shift of weight on the bed. Lee’s cock nudged between Nigel’s thighs, hard and insistent, and Nigel was suddenly grateful for the blindfold. If he looked, if he saw, he would panic and tense up.

He wrapped his arms up over Lee’s shoulders and bit back curses as Lee pushed in. He was thick, hot, bigger than his fingers, and Nigel was already regretting letting his happen

because it felt far from good and it wouldn't feel much better but fuck, *fuck* -

The sound Lee made against him was divine. Rough and helpless as he pressed his quick breaths to Nigel's throat and settled heavy on top of him.

"God, you feel so tight,"

It should have made Nigel angry, it should have made him feel humiliated and used and patronized, but it made him moan instead, knees coming up around Lee as the man pushed himself up, hands on Nigel's chest, and pulled out just enough for Nigel to feel when he pushed back in.

"Jesus, *Nigel,* " he groaned, shifting his hips, one hand slipping to the bed beside Nigel's head as he leaned in to kiss him. He continued to shallowly work himself into and out of Nigel, getting him used to it, working his mouth open and biting his bottom lip until he found that spot inside him and Nigel damn near convulsed beneath him. Lee chuckled.

"God bless the prostate,"

And then it was a mess of curses and sweat, harsh slaps of skin to skin as Lee fucked Nigel to within an inch of his life and Nigel held on because he had no idea how else he wasn't going to fall apart. It felt good. It felt fucking good. He reached up to yank the damn blindfold off and groaned when he saw Lee above him: flushed, lips parted, eyes wide and dark and hungry.

Nigel slid a hand to the back of his head and tugged Lee down to kiss him, squeezing around Lee's cock as he shoved in and losing himself with a curse to orgasm between them.

It seemed to spiral on and on, unceasing, nothing at all like spilling into a willing body. Every brush over that spot inside him had another burst of pleasure sparking within Nigel, another pulse of fluid splashing over his stomach. Lee fucked him through it until pleasure began to give way to a rough discomfort that wasn't entirely unpleasant, in and of itself. Then he stilled, pulsing within him and making Nigel shudder.

God, if it weren't for the condom he would have been a mess. He would have *dripped* all the way home, and though Nigel wanted to be irritated about it, he couldn't be.

It felt too good. It still did, as Lee sank with a sigh against Nigel's chest.

"You're a bad boy," Lee murmured, fingering the wayward blindfold. Nigel chuckled.

"You'll learn to like that about me."

"I already do. But next time, we'll get those hands of yours out of the way. I don't need distractions when I'm riding you."

Nigel raised an eyebrow. "You gonna ride me, darling?"

"God yes," Lee grinned, leaning in to kiss him. This was softer, not as desperate as their frantic bites when they were fucking. "But not right now. Right now I think we both need a

fucking shower and a goddamn nap."

Nigel couldn't argue with that. So he didn't. He just draped his arms over Lee's body on top of his and lay back with a groan. They'd get up eventually. They weren't going anywhere. And fucking was a much better way to get back into shape than running around Central fucking Park.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“I think,” Nigel said finally, moving to slip one hand down Lee’s shorts - he hadn’t put on underwear - to squeeze his ass. “Those cuffs of yours are going to see use again.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yep,”

Bears and puppies play and get to know each other better.

Chapter Notes

Switch time! These boys switch often, and we did tag it but just in case y'all don't read the tags and this is a deal breaker, here be yer warning lads!

Lee hated that Nigel smoked, but he never told him to stop. Fuck, he would be the last man on earth to tell someone how to live a life they’d barely managed to cling on to. He hated that Nigel smoked and Nigel hated his incense. They were even.

For a couple of days after their tryst - where they’d fucked like rabbits until early evening before Nigel had to go home - they only saw each other on their running route. The first time it had been funny, both had given each other sidelong glances and then Lee had run on ahead. The next time, Lee had run alongside him for a block or two before peeling away to add an extra lap to his morning.

The third time, they’d ended up at the dive bar again.

After that, at least they had each others’ numbers.

Lee called first.

“You want to come over?”

“Why?” Nigel asked, smiling when he heard Lee snort through the phone.

“Because I miss seeing a horny hairy man in my bed. Come over.”

“What if I have plans?”

“You fucking don’t,” Lee laughed. “You’re a self-proclaimed retired bad boy hermit. Get your ass over here, I’ll order a pizza.”

Nigel wasn’t about to turn down free food or a free orgasm, but when he got there, Lee was already twirling a pair of padded cuffs around a finger.

“I was promised pizza,” Nigel said, eyeing them warily.

“And you’ll get pizza.” Lee promised. “Good boys get rewards.”

Against Nigel’s better judgement, he let Lee take his hand and guide him to the bedroom. There, he stripped, sprawled out on his back, and tried not to struggle as Lee deftly bound his wrists to the headboard.

“There. Give those a tug.”

Nigel did. They didn’t budge. Lee grinned down at him.

“I told you. I missed seeing a horny, hairy man in my bed. Now I know you’ll stick around for a while.”

“Could have just asked nicely.”

“My way’s more fun. Now, the first rule of the game: you don’t get to come.”

“I hate it already,” Nigel replied, smiling when Lee rolled his eyes. “That just gives you all the fun, what am I meant to do? Struggle over here while you get your rocks off?”

“You make it sound like a chore,” Lee grinned, bending to lean over Nigel, hands on either side of his head. “You don’t get to come because I said so, and because last time you trusted me you had the best orgasm of your life, and I’m going to beat that today.”

“Think highly of yourself don’t you, darling?”

“Yes.” Lee kissed him chastely. “Rule two, or, I guess, not a rule so much as a guarantee if you’re good. Don’t come til I tell you, and when we’re finished you can torment me all you want til you feel we’re even.”

“Tempting.”

“Damn fucking right it is,” Lee’s nose wrinkled in pleasure. “If your mind’s as dirty as the way you fucked me last time I’m going to be a goddamn mess by the time you’re through.”

Nigel’s lips quirked. “More tempting.” he agreed.

“Rule three,” Lee said, “your safeword is red.”

“Do I even want to know?”

Lee grinned, bright and sharp, and then reached for the lube. He stroked Nigel's cock in slick, unbearably slow movements, drawing up to full hardness, pulling back the foreskin to tease the head. He had Nigel squirming in no time.

Nigel drew up his knees along Lee's sides, boxing him in as he rolled his hips up. "Keep doing that and I'll come." He warned.

"No you won't," Lee assured him.

Nigel closed his eyes, moaning with every new twist of Lee's hands. It didn't matter what Lee said, he could feel his orgasm building.

"Brace yourself."

"What?" Nigel opened his eyes just in time to see Lee tug at his nipple, and then lower a clothespin to clamp firmly around it. He groaned, arching his back as the clothespin pinched painfully at such a sensitive place.

"Fuck!"

Lee laughed. "Just wait til I take it off."

"Do I fucking have to?" Nigel asked through gritted teeth. "Take it off *now* ."

Lee slapped him gently, enough to catch Nigel's attention but not to hurt, and raised an eyebrow. "You got something to say to me?"

"I have a lot to fucking say to you, Lee," Nigel replied, but his eyes were narrowed in amusement rather than anger.

"Unless one of those is your safeword, I don't give a fuck," Lee told him. Leaning in to suck Nigel's other nipple, working it to a hard little peak, before catching it between the merciless lips of another clothespin. Nigel cursed and arched up. The pain was far from welcome, but once the initial shock of it settled, he found that his cock was harder than ever, he hadn't even gotten soft.

Lee leaned in to press his face with a pleased groan to Nigel's chest, nuzzling like a cat against the hair there. "God I am never going to get over this," he mumbled, not reaching to torment Nigel's nipples any further. Instead, when he sat back, he returned to stroking Nigel up again, lazy and slow as before, until the first drop of precome mingled with the lube and Nigel was panting.

Lee let him go, watching absolutely fascinated as Nigel's cock twitched up towards his hand when he released him. "I wonder how long I can do this before you lose your mind," he mused quietly, lip slipping between his teeth at the thought. "A day, you think? A week?"

"A fucking *week* Lee?"

"Yeah," Lee's voice was breathless, "an orgasm after a week of edging, *fuck* , Nigel you have no idea, it's so intense."

“You do it, then,” Nigel growled.

“Maybe next time, if you’re good.” Lee fetched two more clothespins from the bedside table, straddling Nigel’s hips when he tried to squirm away.

“That *hurts* ,” Nigel protested, as Lee secured the clothespin an inch below the first one, around a fold of skin he’d pinched between his fingers.

“Poor baby,” Lee cooed, smirking as he attached the fourth clothespin and Nigel swore loudly. “And yet…” Lee said, grinding back against Nigel’s erection to make his point, rather than speaking.

Nigel swore again, digging his heels into the bed to grind up against Lee’s round ass. Lee let him for a moment, two, and then slipped from his lap to walk two teasing fingers up his inner thigh.

“I’d like to see how needy you can get,” Lee told him. “Eventually, I’d like to see how many days in a row I can fuck you before your body gives up and comes.”

“You’re a sadist,” Nigel muttered. Lee kissed him.

“More a satyr,” he grinned.

“Once you let me up I’m going to see how you like it.”

“I love it actually,” Lee laughed, bending to suck a bruise against Nigel’s skin. “I think the longest I’ve managed to hold back was nine days? I fainted when he finally let me come.”

Nigel cursed, spreading his legs for Lee to press himself between. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, hands turning gently in the cuffs that held him pinned. He could feel his pulse where the clothespins pinched his skin, in his cock, in his stomach… anywhere but his chest where it belonged.

Lee worshipped his thighs with tickling kisses before stroking Nigel twice, achingly slow, with his slick palm. “I’m gonna ride you,” he said, catching Nigel’s eye. “Would it be more fair if I don’t let myself come either?”

“Yes.”

“Fine,” Lee grinned, moving to hold himself up over Nigel again. “I’m going to ride you til I can’t feel my goddamn ass, and I won’t come.” nose wrinkling as Lee smiled wider, he added, “scout’s honor.”

Nigel had a comeback, something quick-witted and hilarious, but he lost it when Lee tore a condom wrapper between his teeth, reached back to grip Nigel's cock and work it on. And then slid slowly down.

“Holy *fuck* ,” he managed. Lee laughed.

“What do you think I did while waiting for you to come over?”

“Ordered *pizza-”* Nigel cut himself off with an embarrassing whine as Lee clipped another clothespin into place. “How many?”

“As many as I like,” Lee said, lifting up and then bouncing back down into Nigel’s lap. “Just wait, I haven’t even done the fun part yet.”

“I don’t want to know about the fun part,” Nigel told him, but the next time Lee clipped a clothespin to him, he bucked up into him, hard and rough.

Lee moaned.

Nigel was addicted to the way Lee moaned. He moaned with absolutely no care or consideration that other people could hear him. He moaned loudly and genuinely and his entire body shivered with the sound. For that alone, Nigel was prepared to be a bit more patient with the whole clothespin thing. He watched Lee curl his fists and set them to his thighs as he fucked back against Nigel, his cock hard and red between his legs. As far as cocks went, considering, he had a damn fine one for Nigel to look at.

“Fuck,” Lee groaned, tensing his muscles as he pulled off and sunk back down again. “I could ride this cock for the rest of my life and be satisfied.”

Lee’s blatant and earnest praise was also something Nigel found strangely endearing about him. He said the most ridiculous shit, but in a way that made Nigel believe him. And right then, when Lee was wantonly riding him like his life depended on it, he’d believe anything.

“You really are a slut, darling,” Nigel told him, and Lee smiled at him with such warmth that he nearly lost it then and there. But Lee was quicker, shifting up enough to still have the head of Nigel’s cock inside him, he curled his fingers almost cruelly around Nigel’s balls and the base of his cock, staving him off.

“Fuck,” Nigel swore, tugging at the cuffs that bound him to the bed.

“Ideally,” Lee drawled, “But not if you misbehave.”

Nigel glared up at him, groaning when Lee responded by flicking at one of the clothespins.

“Two more, I think,” Lee mused. “We’ll start small.”

Nigel failed to see how eight fucking clothespins was ‘starting small,’ but it was hard for him to think straight when Lee was pinching at him again, dropping down slowly to surround Nigel in heat as he worked.

The dueling heats of Lee’s body and the pain he left behind had Nigel shaking. He rolled his hips up, coaxing Lee to grind and bounce atop him. Lee was panting, fingernails scraping against Nigel’s chest as he struggled to hold himself together.

They moved together for what felt like a goddamn hour more, Lee just as overwhelmed, just as desperate as Nigel but somehow still stubborn enough to see this through to the end. When he bent to kiss Nigel, the other tugged his bottom lip with a sharp bite, and he laughed.

“Impatient.”

“When I get my hands on you, I fucking swear -”

“I know,” Lee kissed him again, pressing their foreheads together as he groaned and gritted his teeth, working Nigel’s cock against his prostate until both were trembling. “One sec, one more thing -”

“Lee -”

“Trust me.”

What he reached for next thankfully wasn’t another goddamn clothespin; it was weirder. It was string. Thick enough to be able to unravel, but thin enough to slip through the little holes at the tops of the clothespins. Nigel didn’t even watch anymore, he couldn’t care *less* as long as it was going to be over soon and he could pin Lee to the nearest wall and fuck him so hard he couldn’t take his goddamn jog the next morning.

It was only when Lee said his name, leaned in to draw his nose along the line of Nigel’s jaw, that he opened his eyes again. Lee’s own were dark with mischief as he sat back.

“You can come,” he told Nigel, fingering the string and turning it over one finger. Nigel had a moment to notice that it connected all the clothespins but the two on his nipples, and that every time Lee moved…

“Lee, don’t you fucking dare -”

He fucking dared.

Sinking down to take Nigel all the way, deep and hard, Lee yanked at the string and the six clothespins tethered to it released Nigel’s skin with a snap.

It hurt. It hurt like a goddamn son-of-a-bitch, and that hurt surged through Nigel like a fireball. His knees came up as far as he could bring them, his entire body hunching up around Lee as his orgasm ripped through him. Nigel snarled through it, digging his teeth into Lee’s shoulder when the motion knocked him close enough to reach. Lee laughed breathlessly, writhing in Nigel’s lap as he chased his own release.

Nigel was barely aware of the splash of wetness against his stomach, only the resurgence of pain and waves of pleasure when his nipples were freed from the clothespins.

Nigel felt like he was somewhere else, and it took long moments for him to come back, for his breathing to even out. When he could finally see straight, Lee unbound each of his wrists with gentle kisses. The second Nigel was free, he rolled them with a growl.

“Fucking *sadist* ,” he said, biting the words into Lee’s throat. “Just you wait. Soon as I can get it up again, I’ll leave you *limping* when I’m through with you.”

Lee, never intimidated by Nigel, just laughed, tangling his fingers through Nigel’s hair. “Pizza, first?”

“And a goddamn beer,” Nigel agreed, kissing him hard and letting him up.

The beer, Lee went to get himself, tugging on a pair of shorts and leaving his chest bare as he winked at Nigel and left the apartment without locking it.

Balls of steel, that man; leaving Nigel alone in his place when he’d known him a hot second. By the time Lee returned with a six pack, and a fucking bottle of Kombucha for himself, Nigel had somewhat come back to himself and yanked him close by the elastic of his shorts to soundly kiss him.

“You taste like crap,” Nigel declared, glaring at the bottle Lee brought to his lips with a grin. “I’d rather you tasted like me.”

“Crude, but I like it.” Lee told him, kissing his cheek and moving to set the offending bottle in the fridge before opening a beer for Nigel. For himself Lee got a bottle of red from somewhere in the depths of his kitchen, and Nigel barked a laugh when he saw it.

“I can’t figure you the fuck out.”

“What’s to figure out?” Lee asked, straddling a chair and resting his arms over the back of it. “I like to fuck, I like to drink good wine, and I’ve looked the devil in the eye, or whatever. Not as hot as art makes him out to be.”

Pizza arrived oily and hot at Lee’s door then, and he pushed himself up to take it from the delivery boy before bringing it to the table for them.

It should have been weird, eating like this when Nigel still had little pink marks dotting his chest. Instead, it was comfortable. Lee leaned back in his seat to prop his feet up on Nigel’s thighs, and they both laughed too loud and too much.

Comfortable.

“I still want to try it,” Lee said casually. “You, holding off as long as you can. Whether it be a few days or a few hours. I want to find your limit.”

“Oh no you don’t,” Nigel said, pinching the skin just above Lee’s ankle. “It’s my turn next, darling. Fair’s fair. I promised you’d be limping.”

Lee smirked at him. “I’m not worried,” he declared haughtily.

“Why’s that?”

“Because,” Lee told him, shifting to press his toes against Nigel’s soft cock. “You like it too much when I get to be the creative one.”

“Bullshit,” Nigel snorted, dropping a hand to wrap around Lee’s leg but not to move his foot away. “You just haven’t let me fuck you properly yet.”

“That wasn’t proper?” Lee pretended to be surprised, bringing his glass to his lips to drain it. “I can still feel you.”

Nigel moved Lee, then, just enough to allow his knee to bend as he hooked his foot in Lee's chair and drew him closer with a painful scrape of wood against the floor. When they were knee to knee, Nigel leaned in to kiss him, coaxing Lee to move from his chair to straddle Nigel in his instead.

"Good," he told him, eyes hooded as Lee drew his hands through his hair, set his weight to Nigel's thighs and allowed his hands to wander. Neither said anything for a moment, just touching, pressed close, still soft but recovered enough now to quickly change that. There was a strange intimacy building between them that neither wanted to shy away from. It wasn't a *relationship* , it was just damn good sex.

"I think," Nigel said finally, moving to slip one hand down Lee's shorts - he hadn't put on underwear - to squeeze his ass. "Those cuffs of yours are going to see use again."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yep," Nigel spread Lee with two fingers, one seeking teasingly over where he could still feel a little bit of lube slick and warm. "Gonna tie you down, get you to stop moving for a change."

"And tease me til I can't take no more?" Lee finished for him, amused. He rocked back against Nigel's hand, eyes on his, as one hand continued to stroke against his scalp. His other rested relaxed on Nigel's collarbone. He could feel himself starting to stir again.

Nigel shook his head. "No, sweetheart, I think I'm going to see how many times I can make you come."

Lee's rhythm faltered, his breath stuttering. He couldn't tell if the sudden flush of warmth in his chest was from the threat or the pet name. He wasn't given long to figure it out; Nigel rose from his seat with his hands cupped under Lee's ass, lifting him effortlessly.

Lee had lost weight during chemo, but he'd packed on muscle since he'd been given the all clear. That Nigel could lift him so easily was both a shock and a pleasure. He laughed, throwing his arms around Nigel's neck and nipping at his ear.

"Just remember that whatever you do to me will get paid back tenfold."

Nigel grinned as he laid Lee out on the bed, pinning him in place. "I'm counting on it. Hands up like a good boy."

"Don't get cocky," Lee warned, raising his hands for Nigel to cuff him to the bed. "You only have the power I give you."

"I know," Nigel assured him, kissing gently at his jaw. "Just relax and let someone else do the work for a change."

Lee laughed but didn't argue. He arched his back to let Nigel slip his shorts off. He licked his lips and looked up at him as Nigel took in his body with unrepressed hunger. He'd missed that the most, out of anything when he'd been at his worst. When no man would look at him

with desire, but with pity. He hated being seen as fragile, as broken, as something to be careful with rather than someone to enjoy. Nigel had reacted to the news of Lee's illness and remission with a curse and a shrug, which had been the most attractive thing about him until Lee had gotten him in bed.

That hadn't changed.

"If I tell you what to do will you do it?" Nigel asked him, amused. Lee grinned.

"If you ask nice."

Nigel hummed and moved to hold himself over Lee. He was still dressed, though it was only a shirt and jeans. He met Lee's eyes and narrowed his own and then lowered himself on his arms to press a kiss to his jaw, under it.

"Darling," he murmured. "Sweetheart, baby,"

Lee snorted. "Shut up."

"Spread those legs for me so I can shove my tongue in you, hmm?"

Lee sighed happily, heels shifting against the bed. "That's not asking nice."

Nigel's lips marked a path down the very center of his chest, down to deliver a single lick to the head of his stiff cock. "Please," he murmured, mouthing his way down to Lee's balls. "Please, beautiful, pretty please, open your legs and let me torture you for a bit."

Lee bit down on his lip, moaning softly as he spread himself. Nigel set a hand on each thigh and shoved them even wider, until the position ached.

"There's that pretty little hole."

Lee choked on a laugh, shaking his head. "You're so ridiculous-" he stopped, shuddering through a moan as Nigel mouthed wetly at his tight entrance.

Nigel loved taking a partner to pieces with his mouth. He was good at it. He tracked the tiniest shifts and whimpers, until he memorized exactly what made each lover squirm.

Lee gave himself over to Nigel's mouth much quicker than Nigel thought he would, wanton thing, and with a hum, Nigel tugged Lee further down the bed and pressed himself more insistently between his legs to suck and lick at him. It seemed that anything to do with a tongue in his ass had Lee not only moaning but *whimpering* .

It was a sweet, sweet sound.

"Nigel, fuck," Lee gasped, parting his lips against his arm as he turned his face to the side and tried to close his legs around the man tormenting him. " *Oh my god* …"

His cock twitched up against his belly, leaked a single drop of precome to his skin that stretched between his stomach and the tip of his cock until it snapped.

“Deeper,” Lee groaned. “Please,”

Nigel obliged. He wasn’t going to torment Lee with denial, after all, but overindulgence. He would work Lee to his peak and over it, until he had the man crying out and begging him to stop. Above him, Lee shivered and bit his lip, nuzzling his face against his arm as his cheeks flushed deep.

That there wasn’t a line of men around the block to worship this fucking man had Nigel baffled. He made the most gorgeous noises, his face flushed the prettiest shade of pink. When his thighs clenched tight around Nigel’s head and he began to shake his way through an orgasm, untouched, it was the most beautiful sight Nigel had ever seen.

Lee’s little moans sounded slightly bewildered when Nigel pulled back to kiss at his thighs. He blinked down at him, brow furrowed.

“It usually takes a little more than that,” he said, cheeks turning red. “I’m a little out of practice.”

“I like it,” Nigel assured him, “Makes me feel manly.” He nuzzled his way to the base of Lee’s cock, kissing his way up the underside while Lee squirmed.

“That’s a little- oh *fuck* ,” Lee hissed, as Nigel took the tip into his mouth and sucked. “Sensitive, stop, I need a minute.”

Nigel didn’t stop. He swallowed and tongued at the frenulum, seeking out spots that made Lee squeak.

A groan, half frustrated half delighted, pulled from Lee’s throat and he arched up, twisting his hands in the cuffs just to feel how useless it was to struggle. Nigel made an obscene slurping sound between his legs and Lee laughed.

“God, you’re a monster, aren’t you?” He sighed, licking his lips. “Fair enough, I suppose.”

Before he got sick, Lee had had a bit of an addiction. He’d go to bars filled with gorgeous, broad, plush bears and little twinky things like himself and he would lose himself in them all. He enjoyed one partner, several at once. He enjoyed hookups at the bar, behind the bar, in the car, against a wall, on the way home in the subway, the floor by his bed when they didn’t quite make it onto it.

The desire hadn’t really wavered, but people’s opinions of him had. For some reason, no one wanted to fuck a sick guy. For some even more baffling reason, no one wanted to fuck a guy recovering, either.

So Lee had gotten himself a new addiction; he’d started working out. Running for hours, building back up the strength he’d lost to chemo. He let his hair grow back, he’d started going to bars again. So of course it made sense that he found the perfect fucking guy on his run, rather than where he was supposed to be.

“Nigel, *shit* , you’ve got a mouth on you.”

Lee trembled, drawing his knees up around Nigel's head before crossing his legs over his shoulders to pull him in, up for the challenge he himself had set, happy to be *wanted* by somebody.

Nigel sucked him hard and deep, worked him over with his tongue and the undulations of his throat. It was easier the second time, with Lee already primed to want him and wavering on the edge.

Lee's breaths came short and quick, his chest heaving as he came for the second time in half an hour. He was shaking when Nigel pulled back to smile at him, already overwhelmed and knowing that it could not possibly be over yet.

"You're so pretty," Nigel told him, resting his cheek against Lee's thigh. Lee frowned, unsure whether he should be offended.

"Wasn't really aiming for 'pretty,'" he muttered. The last time someone had called him pretty had been *before* the melanoma, back when he kept his hair long and got drunk in the laps of bigger men.

"You hit it anyway," Nigel assured him. As he spoke, he shifted, pulling the lube and condoms from the bedside table. "Too pretty to resist. Open up for me, gorgeous."

"You should've seen me in my hayday," Lee muttered, setting his toes to the bed and arching his back in a languid and bone-cracking stretch. He let his knees fall wider, welcoming Nigel between them. "I broke hearts."

"And backs, if you played with your men like you fucking play with me."

Lee snorted. "Yeah, it was a good time. Most people don't think a twink wants to dominate."

"You're the first I've met." Nigel admitted, rolling the condom onto himself as he let his eyes move over Lee's body. He looked good. He looked very good. And if this was him after cancer, Nigel couldn't imagine how stunning of a man he was before it. "You're also a bit of a slut."

Lee laughed, bright and loud, and bit his lip as Nigel slipped two fingers into him, a preemptive and quick preparation considering their earlier ventures. "I'm a lot of a slut."

"It suits you," Nigel told him fondly, lining up and pushing slowly in, slow enough to pull a groan from Lee, to have his eyelids flutter closed and his lips part and stay open. Nigel kissed him then, when he was pressed deep and holding himself over Lee's bound form, gentle and deep and almost a little too intimate.

"Red?" Nigel asked, amused. Lee shook his head.

"Not even close."

"Good." Nigel pulled out and thrust back in hard enough to push Lee up the bed, to pull a curse from him as his prostate was tormented again, already so sensitive that even a brush of skin to skin had him shuddering.

Nigel wasn't gentle with him, maneuvering Lee's body however he needed to, drawing pained whines from him and coaxing him through it to pleasure.

He was tender, though. He looked at Lee with fondness in his eyes. Too much fondness, considering the length of their affair.

But Lee felt just as much warmth building in his own chest, for this ridiculous brute of a man, who could bend him in half and make him sob, but who would also lay back and let Lee hurt him and *like it.*

"Nigel," Lee moaned. "Come on, come on, fill me up."

Nigel laughed. It sounded cruel and affectionate all in one, and he ducked his head to nip at Lee's earlobe. "Not yet," he murmured, his breath making Lee shiver, "I owe you, don't I?"

"Fuck you," Lee moaned.

"Not this time, darling."

Lee laughed, dropping his head back and groaning when Nigel set his teeth to his skin to suck a bruise there. He was going to be exhausted after this; it had been an age since someone had tested his endurance and Lee was out of practice.

But something told him that even if Nigel teased him mercilessly for it, he wouldn't push him harder than Lee could take. And he'd answer his phone when Lee called next time. There was something to that.

"Please," he whined, smile spreading when Nigel laughed against him, delighted by the submission, by the way Lee just *let him* do this, even though he could call it quits at any point. Just like Nigel could have, and didn't. Lee licked his lips and begged louder. "Please, Nigel, fill me up."

"You want me to make a mess of you?"

"Yessss."

"Dripping to the sheets and with your hands tied up, no way to hide or clean yourself unless I let you."

"Oh my God," Lee shuddered, squeezing his thighs hard around Nigel as his pleasure was yanked closer and closer with every shove of Nigel's cock in him.

"Tell me."

"Yes!" Lee gasped, arching up from the bed and tugging at the cuffs until they clattered against the headboard. "Yes, make a mess of me, leave me filthy after, *please* -"

Nigel pressed their foreheads together and stilled, body tense and hips shifting with no particular rhythm except *deep* and *hard* and *now* until he was spent and Lee was damn near sobbing beneath him.

“Mercy,” he sighed, a laugh catching the end of the word as he opened his eyes to look at Nigel. “Fuck it, mercy, I’m done, Nigel, fuck.”

“I think I like you when you beg,” Nigel murmured, returning Lee’s sleepy look before pulling out and lying next to him on the bed, catching his breath. Neither said anything, they didn’t particularly have to. But when Nigel moved to free Lee from his restraints, the other shifted to lay on his side and pressed his face to Nigel’s shoulder, breathing him in as he dozed against him.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“We should go out,” Nigel said finally, clearing his throat.

“Like on a date?”

“Yeah, like on a fucking date.”

Lee gave him a skeptical look. “Like an actual, you-and-me, two people who are dating date?”

“The hell kind of asshole do you think I am?”

“My kind of asshole,” Lee quipped immediately. “But I wasn’t sure if we were dating.”

Chapter Notes

The boys take each other on dates. If you want an idea of how Lee dressed for his date with Nigel, google Michael Alig XD you won't be disappointed.

“You’re getting better,” Lee told Nigel, while both of them sat half-sprawled on a bench in Central Park. “You made it an extra two blocks before you needed to collapse this time.”

Breathless, Nigel flipped him off.

“No, I’m serious.” Lee pulled Nigel’s water bottle out of his pack, handing it over for him to gulp down. “And no cigarettes this time.”

That gave Nigel pause. He tried not to smoke around Lee, in general. If he needed a drag, he’d step out on the balcony, or stand a few yards away, upwind. But lately, he’d been reaching for them less and less. Patting the pockets of his Lee-approved running shorts, he realized he didn’t even know where they were.

Too much time around Lee. Quitting was a process, of course, not something that just happened, but he was *already* forcing himself to smoke less, just because of how often he found himself seated next to the other man. Now that he was thinking about it, he could feel the need creeping up, but he couldn’t remember when his last had been. This morning, maybe? On the way to Lee’s place.

“You’re thinking too much,” Lee pointed out, taking a swig from his own bottle before reaching for Nigel’s to put both into his pack again.

“Yeah,” Nigel replied. “You’re a bad influence on me.”

Lee snorted. “Yeah I’d damn well hope so. You’ve been on a steady diet of good sex, vegan food and craft beer for months now.”

Nigel flipped him off again and Lee laughed, shaking his head. It was easy to laugh around Nigel. He didn’t pity Lee in any way. He didn’t hold him delicately. Hell, they left bruises on each other any time they were in bed together… or the shower, or the kitchen. And Nigel hadn’t once tried to play the macho card and get the upper hand, like a few men in Lee’s life had before.

It was refreshing.

“Yeah, you kidnapped me to your zen little fucking universe and I’ve been brainwashed,” Nigel grinned. He kept his eyes on Lee a moment more before turning away and clearing his throat. If there was one thing Nigel was a master at, it was being as unsubtle as possible.

Something Lee also found terribly charming.

“We should go out,” Nigel said finally, clearing his throat again.

“Like on a date?”

“Yeah, like on a fucking date.”

Lee gave him a skeptical look. “Like an actual, you-and-me, two people who are *dating* date?”

“The hell kind of asshole do you think I am?”

“My kind of asshole,” Lee quipped immediately. “But I wasn’t sure if we were *dating* .”

Nigel shifted uncomfortably on the bench. “Yeah, well. Not like I have time for anyone *else* with how much time I spend with you.”

“My apologies,” Lee said, with a roll of his eyes. “Okay. A date. *Not* the movies, please. The stale popcorn smell makes me want to vomit.”

“You like a drink, yeah?”

He liked *wine* , and the occasional decent beer, but Lee couldn’t deny that his interest had been piqued since the moment Nigel had said ‘date.’ He’d probably even suffer through the stale popcorn smell, if he had to. “Yeah, I like a drink now and then.”

“Alright. You get yourself all pretty tonight, leave the rest to me.”

Lee snorted. “Pretty?”

Nigel leaned over to kiss him, just a chaste peck on the lips. “Shut up.” And then he pushed himself off the bench and waved vaguely. More often than not, they went back to Lee’s after a jog, and even if they didn’t fuck - which *did happen* on occasion - they spent that time together. Lee watched after him before shaking his head again and moving to stand up as well.

He took his time stretching, closed his eyes for a few breathing exercises, and walked home. To get himself ‘pretty’.

In truth, Lee hadn’t been on a date in years. Even before the C word hit him like a tonne of bricks, Lee hadn’t been the dating type. Sure, he’d go out with someone, but it was not often a formal or planned thing. This had him intrigued, it had him curious, and it had him, amusingly, almost nervous.

Because Nigel wasn’t the dating type either, not by a longshot.

Yet, here they were.

Dating.

Apparently.

They'd both agreed to stop using condoms weeks ago, he shouldn't have been surprised.

So, in true Lee fashion, he took Nigel’s request to heart, and by the time the man knocked on his door, he was as pretty as could be. Nigel gaped at him before closing his eyes with a pained sound and bringing a hand up to rub the bridge of his nose.

“You’re a right shit, Fallon.”

Lee just grinned. “That I am.”

He had decked himself out in the kind of clothes that would have made the original club kids proud: fitted shorts, sleeveless white collared shirt, a patterned vest entirely mismatched to the rest of his outfit, and boots. He’d even lined his eyes, found lipstick somewhere and -

“Glitter, Lee? Goddamn fucking *glitter?* ”

Lee smiled wider, and yanked Nigel - dressed in one of his ridiculous shirts and a pair of jeans, as per his norm - closer. “Yep.”

“I said pretty, not Michael fucking Alig.”

Lee’s brows went up. “Look at that, boy knows his history.”

“I wasn’t living under a rock in the 80s, Lee, fuck, just behind the iron curtain.” Nigel groaned, but he was smiling. “Guess this’ll have to do, attention seeking bastard. Come on.”

For all he put on a show of irritation, Nigel could hardly keep his eyes off Lee as they walked. Exactly as Lee had wanted it. He wove Nigel around his fingers so easily, it was a

wonder they'd left the apartment at all.

They ended up at some hole-in-the-wall place, loud and dark and filled with laughing drunks. Not Lee's typical scene for a good long while now, but something he could easily slip himself into, and had many a night before illness had become his main personality trait.

Nigel ordered them each a beer, holding himself somewhat awkwardly around Lee. He looked like he was trying to shield him from the eyes that had lit upon them both from the moment they walked in. To Lee's amusement, he seemed completely oblivious to the attention he himself was garnering from tiny little things on the hunt for a bear. Lee'd been one of them once, pretty but shy, delicate in their youth.

Now, of course, he knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it.

"Dance with me," he yelled over the thrum of the music. Nigel made a face and downed the last of his beer.

"Usually the dates do the dancing and I do the watching," he admitted.

"Well, you're not dating a stripper," Lee told him. "Dance with me, and I'll let you buy me another drink."

"Asshole," Nigel told him fondly, setting his empty bottle aside and letting Lee drag him into the throng of shifting bodies.

In truth, he hadn't thought to go for a gay bar, or a straight bar. He'd gone for a bar where people who looked like them seemed to congregate. (Later, Lee would relish in telling him it had, in fact, been a gay bar, and in particular a bear bar, but that was later). The music was tuneless and filled with white noise and bass beats, and the two of them settled on shifting and dodging and bouncing as others around them were.

It was awkward.

It was great.

Nigel cursed and yanked Lee closer, fingers catching in the little pocket of Lee's vest, and kept him near enough to feel his breath against his skin.

Lee grinned, and didn't kiss him.

Nigel tilted his head, and didn't kiss him either.

It didn't take long for the two of them to work up a sweat; so many bodies pressed together, constant motion, proximity to each other. Once in a while, Lee would work his way free of Nigel's hold and tease his way back several steps, laughing, delighted, when Nigel stalked him down and brought him close again.

There was no doubt they were together.

Eventually, Lee draped his arms over Nigel's shoulders and leaned in close enough to be able to be heard. "There's a very cute twink at the bar damn near salivating watching your ass move in those pants."

Nigel gave the boy a glance, just one, startled and pleased. Then he turned back to Lee, nuzzling their cheeks together. "He can look all he wants. Just like every asshole who thinks he's taking you home tonight."

Lee laughed, bright and beautiful. Nigel didn't kiss him then, either, but his eyes lingered over the bow of his lips.

"You could, you know," Lee told him. "Pick up some cute young thing. I wouldn't hold it against you."

Nigel growled, hands cupping Lee's hips and hauling him in close. "I'd rip off any hand that touched you."

Oh . Lee's heart fluttered in his chest, pleasure burning warm under his skin. Possessiveness was such a pigheaded trait. He loved it. He wanted to bring it out in Nigel, again and again, and then take him home and show him which one was in control.

"Buy me another drink," he told Nigel. "Get me tipsy and take advantage of me."

"Terrible fucking thing," Nigel growled against him, tugging Lee's earlobe between his teeth. "I'd bend you over and spank you but you'd like that too fucking much."

Lee laughed again, following as Nigel pulled them from the throng of dancers and to the bar again. He played up his own silly fantasy, clinging to Nigel as though Lee was naive and new to all this, pushing up on his toes to whisper to him, crossing one ankle behind the other and bending to emphasize the way his shorts hugged his hips obscenely tight. He could feel eyes on him, and every time he caught one he'd turn and report back to Nigel, rubbing a hand teasingly over his belly as he described the guy, described what Lee thought he wanted to do with him.

"That one, oh, that's a Daddy, guaranteed. He wants a little thing to baby up and spoil. He'd probably dress me up too."

"Lee -"

"That one, in the harness? Leather and metal? He's a kinky one, I know it. Imagine what he thinks he can do with me? I'm so slight and helpless."

"I swear to fuck, Fallon -"

"What?" Lee teased, rubbing himself up against Nigel's thigh. Nigel had taken a seat on one of the bar stools and Lee had deliberately not. Instead, he'd stayed standing beside him, rutting and squirming like a teenager. "You know, there's a wall towards the back, by the toilets, where you can swear all you like."

Nigel's hands found his hips again, stilling him with a tight grip. He nosed his way up Lee's jaw, biting at his ear. "I'm not gonna fuck you in this club so you can show off," he growled.

"You are," Lee sang, body loose from dance and drink. "You are, you know why? Cuz I want you to."

He could feel Nigel's grumble, starting deep in his chest. Lee wriggled in his grasp. "Come on, darling, don't you want to make them jealous?"

"No," Nigel complained, but he stood, tugging Lee tight against him to nip at his throat.

"They think I'm some sweet little thing to be carried around, but you and I know better, don't we?"

"You're a terror," Nigel said, and he did kiss him this time, deep and filthy, hand gripping Lee's jaw, thumb over his chin to open him up.

Lee smiled into it, letting his own hands move to where he wanted them; one to the back of Nigel's head, the other down between them to rub teasingly at the bulge in his jeans. *God* he hadn't had this in years; rutting publicly against someone, feeling eyes hungry over his body and knowing he had someone who would get jealous, would get possessive. *Fuck* .

When Nigel let him breathe again, Lee pushed up on his toes and pressed his lips against his ear, eyes on one of the men devouring Lee from across the dance floor. "Drag me to that wall, shove me up against it and fuck me."

Nigel cursed, fingers slipping beneath the hem of Lee's shirt and vest to spread against his bare skin. "Fucking exhibitionist."

"You love it," Lee assured him, and Nigel couldn't even argue that. He did. He loved everything Lee was, tempestuous and vibrant and untamed. It was a welcome breath of fresh air and in all honesty, Nigel was quickly getting on board with the idea of a public fuck.

He'd done it countless times back home. And this time... This time he knew that the person moaning his name actually wanted to be there; more than that, wanted to show others how much he wanted to be there.

Nigel nuzzled the side of Lee's face roughly and caught his wrist to move them both back further into the club. He knew eyes were following the two of them - young things looking at Nigel longingly, big, buff guys eyeing up Lee at his side. Let them look. Let them all fucking look, fuck it.

The wall writhed with bodies, some rocking against each other, some outright fucking without a care in the world. Nigel shoved Lee up against the first space he could find and kissed him again, one hand down to squeeze his ass in those ridiculous shorts of his. When he pulled back he nipped at his jaw, grinning when Lee's hands moved to tug his hair.

"What now, darling?" he purred. Lee grinned.

"On your knees," he murmured. "Get me ready."

To anyone watching, Nigel was in control. Nigel was the man pushing this little twink around, attacking his mouth with eager kisses, whispering filth in his ear. In reality, Nigel was at his mercy, and he *loved it* . He caught Lee's eye for a moment, just long enough for that fucking eyebrow to go up, and then he obeyed without a word, sinking down between Lee's legs and shoving his face against his crotch as his fingers fiddled with the button and fly.

Above him, Lee let out a breathy sound, a noise Nigel usually had to work from him with patience and good behavior. Nigel's hands fumbled and he swore, yanking Lee's shorts down around his knees.

Lee's cock was already thick with blood, dark and leaking at the tip. Nigel kissed the tip worshipfully. He could spend a good hour mouthing at Lee's cock, but that wasn't what Lee had asked for.

Get me ready.

Nigel smirked. He knew how to get Lee ready, alright. He gripped him with strong hands, turning him around and shoving him chest first against the wall. Lee didn't fight him, happy to allow Nigel his show off dominance if it meant he got what he wanted.

Nigel parted Lee's cheeks, mouthing at the tight entrance. Lee groaned, high and long, reaching back to tangle long fingers in Nigel's hair.

Nigel knew exactly how Lee liked it. How wet, how hard. How much pressure he wanted from Nigel's tongue, what would make him writhe and rock back into Nigel's kisses. Nigel opened him greedily, sucking kisses against his rim until Lee was panting.

"In me," Lee demanded in that high, eager voice that Nigel loved so much. "Turn me around and get in me."

Nigel pulled back just enough to bite against one pale cheek, laughing when that pulled a groan of need from Lee. He didn't tease more than that, he was about to lose his own damn mind with need, so when he stood, and Lee turned back to him, Nigel was quick to kiss him, quick to work his own pants free and step close enough that their cocks rubbed together.

"Fuck, oh fuck that's good," Lee sighed, head knocking back against the wall as he bit his lip and rutted up against Nigel. He shifted just enough for his shorts and underwear to slip to the floor before yanking Nigel's hair again. "Pick me up and fuck me," he demanded.

And hell, how could Nigel say no?

It shouldn't have been so easy to shove Lee higher up the wall and press closer. It shouldn't have been so easy to fuck his boyfriend in public against a dirty club wall. It shouldn't have, but it was.

Lee's hair was still not long enough to tug, but Nigel did his best, turning Lee's face to the side and whispering filth against his ear, about the men watching them both, wanting them both, how they thought Nigel was taking advantage when every single step in this complicated dance was Lee's choreography.

And then Nigel didn't have the breath to speak anymore and just moaned low against Lee as he fucked him hard, shoving him against the wall over and over, relishing the feeling of Lee's hands in his hair, down his back, scratching and tugging and *demanding* .

"I'm gonna come," Lee whined, teeth gritted. "But you don't get to. Not yet. Not here, Nigel, *fuck -* "

"Goddamn terror," Nigel panted for what must have been the thousandth time. It was beginning to sound like a title, or worse, a pet name. Lee arched, nails digging into Nigel's skin.

"Want you to wait," he panted, barely holding himself together. "Wait until we get home. Until I say you can."

Nigel's hand slid between them, wrapping tight around Lee's cock. He worked him rough, hard, matching the brutal pace he'd set with his hips until Lee was sobbing with it, shaking to pieces in Nigel's arms. His orgasm crested in waves, spurred on by the needy gasps Nigel pressed into his throat.

"Good boy," Lee whispered hoarsely, when the world finally stopped spinning. Nigel was still hard inside him, thick and hot and making Lee ache for it. "No more, Nigel. Put me down."

He could feel the struggle in Nigel's body, a desire to obey, to see this game through to its conclusion, warring with the obvious drive to come. Slowly, he slipped free of Lee's body, lowering him back down to the floor.

Lee could barely hold himself up. He braced himself on Nigel's shoulders, giggling when Nigel dropped to his knees to help Lee back into his shorts, his own cock still hanging free of his jeans.

"Did you get what you wanted," Nigel teased, "every man in this place jealous of me?"

"Jealous of *me,"* Lee corrected, "and how lucky I am to have a brute like you to take me apart."

Nigel cupped Lee's face with both hands and groaned. "I hate you," he told him. And it was the sweetest thing Lee had ever heard. He tilted his head up just enough to brush their lips together, far too gentle now, and worked Nigel's cock back into his briefs, back into his jeans.

"Take me home?" Lee told him. Nigel just grunted in reply.

It was perhaps a week later, on a different bench in Central Park, that Lee asked Nigel on a date back.

"Seems only fair," he reasoned, watching Nigel's throat work as he swallowed down the entire contents of his water bottle. "You got to take me out, now it's my turn."

“I shudder to think where you’ll fucking take me,” Nigel replied, but he was smiling. He’d fucked Lee stupid when they got home from their last date. They’d enjoyed each other’s company damn near daily since. It was a curious game, this dating business.

“Good,” Lee grinned, teeth far too white. “Shudder til evening. I’ll pick you up this time.”

“Really?”

“I’ve been to your place.”

“Sure,” Nigel shrugged. “But do you really want to go again?”

“I laugh in the face of danger,” Lee winked, shoving Nigel gently as he walked past. Nigel didn’t hesitate to slap his ass lightly as he did. “Dress nice!”

Nigel recalled Lee’s idea of looking ‘pretty.’ He was tempted to take a similar route, but the glittery, slutty twink look had never been for him.

Instead, he stepped up his game a little. He’d been a cultured man, once, spending evenings at the opera, the symphony. Anywhere he could hear music. Now, he only listened to music in the privacy of his apartment, but he still knew how to dress the part.

When Lee arrived, Nigel had tucked himself into a fitted three piece suit. All black, tie and all, with his hair slicked back. Lee, in nice slacks and a tight white button down, whistled.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I was looking for my boyfriend. I must have the wrong apartment.”

Nigel growled, miming a swat at his head that of course, he didn’t connect. Lee laughed and pretended to duck.

“Alright, alright. You clean up nice.”

“I’m not completely hopeless,” Nigel assured him, though, in truth, he was a little uncomfortable. It had been a long time since anyone had expected him to play the part of a respectable boyfriend.

Or the part of *any type of boyfriend* really.

As expected, Lee’s idea of a date was much quieter than Nigel’s though Nigel had to admit that he could get used to it. It was, in essence, a very elaborate wine tasting. Three courses of food, a different wine with every course, and then an option of dessert or a cheese platter with more wine to try.

Nigel was more than happy to get entirely plastered on expensive alcohol. And he was more than happy seeing Lee in his element.

He’d told Nigel once that he had a ‘thing’ for wine, but Nigel had assumed he just liked it. Lee was, in fact, damn near professional in his ability to detect undertones, tannins, all kinds of wine-related bullshit that meant fuck all to Nigel. But damn was Lee hot to watch.

He commanded their table and their server with the same casual dominance that he commanded everything. Never once did his voice tilt to rudeness, he wasn't ever short, but everything he asked for was given to him, everything he ordered was immediately obeyed. They were on their second course when he caught Nigel's eye and snorted.

"What?"

"You're really fucking hot, you know that?" Nigel told him softly, and Lee's smile softened to something almost sweet. His cheeks warmed.

"Yeah, well, I've been told."

"How'd this start?" Nigel asked, taking up his glass of wine and drinking it as Lee had taught him - not just chugging it down to get it into his stomach. He'd never admit it out loud, but it did taste better that way. "This whole… wine thing."

Lee swirled his glass contemplatively. "My mom drank boxed wine when I was a kid," he finally said. "The cheapest stuff she could find. Overly sweet. Sometimes she joked she could taste the box. But she always made sure to pour herself a little glass with dinner. She said it was what classy people did. One day, when she'd paid off all her debts, we'd be classy people and she'd buy *real* wine."

"And did she?" Nigel found himself asking.

"I did," Lee said. "On her behalf. Finished college, got a good job. Got a better job. Bought her bottles and bottles of the stuff. Turned out she *liked* cheap wine, but she always drank anything I bought her, anyway. I still buy her something nice for Christmas, and she sends me boxes whenever she thinks I might be homesick." Lee smiled, leaning back in his seat. "I had a wine bar, once. Back in New Orleans. I ended up selling it when I moved here for treatment, but I always thought…"

A pain tugged at Nigel's chest. "If you wanted to go back…" He began. Lee shook his head.

"I'm not sure I do. I love the city. The sights, the parks. The people," he added, with a pointed look towards Nigel.

Nigel snorted and picked up his fork to navigate his meal. This was comfortable. He hadn't been this comfortable since -

It didn't matter.

Because the more he thought about it, the more he realized that even with Gabi he had never felt this carefree. He had showered her with love - smothered, she would have used the word smothered - and she had pushed him away with just as much dedication.

No.

Nigel knew he had to take more blame than that.

But not right then. Not when he was sitting across the table from his fucking *boyfriend* drinking wine and dressed to the nines.

“I used to run a club, back in Bucharest,” Nigel said instead, eyes up to see Lee’s reaction as he listened. “Far from a fancy place, but we made good money.”

“Oh?”

“Sex sells.”

Lee laughed, a bright and pleased sound. “That it does. So you were a gangster and a strip club owner?”

“Co-owner,” Nigel corrected, finding himself smiling despite himself. “I did the boring shit. Paperwork, bookkeeping, PR.”

“The perfect man for PR,” Lee nodded sagely and Nigel muttered a curse under his breath. They were in too nice of an establishment to swear as loudly as he so often did. “Do you miss it?”

“Some aspects,” Nigel shrugged. “The adrenaline rush, I suppose. There’s something about keeping a club alive and pumping that gets you feeling the same. You can’t be a fucking wet rag when the place is pulsing with people.”

“What don’t you miss?”

“The drugs,” Nigel replied pensively. He took up his glass of wine and swirled it a few times before taking a sip. “The violence. Haven’t missed that shit. I think I’ve had my fill.”

Lee raised his glass in a toast. “Good. I don’t have any room for it.” His eyes went slightly distant. “Not so many drunken brawls in a wine bar, but we had a few. I miss the people though. Good drink, good conversation.”

Nigel could drink to that, although he and Lee probably had slightly differing ideas of good conversation. “We should open a bar,” he said, tongue loosened by just a bit too much good vintage.

Lee laughed, shaking his head. “What, *here?* ”

“No, in fuckin’ Nebraska. Yeah, *here* . You think there’s no want for it?”

“It’s New York City,” Lee said. “Everyone wants something. But god, I haven’t been in charge of a business in *years* . I don’t know if I even remember *how* to run a bar.”

“I do,” Nigel assured him. “In a much rougher area than this. Probably won’t even need guns at the door.”

“You can’t have armed bouncers in New York City,” Lee pointed out.

You could if you paid the cops enough to ignore them, but Nigel decided not to point that little bit out. “Doesn’t matter. Here’s not like Bucharest. And we’re not planning on any strippers or cocaine, are we?”

“No on the cocaine,” Lee agreed, tilting his head in contemplation as he took the nose of his wine. “Maybe on the strippers.”

Nigel laughed, far too pleased, and brought his glass to Lee’s with a quiet clink. “Cheers to maybes.”

They finished their dinner and chose to skip dessert. Nigel was pleasantly buzzed on the wine, enough that he could feel the tickle of lowered inhibitions without falling over himself when he walked. And they did walk, he and Lee, hand in hand through the nighttime streets of New York until they were completely sober and it was either too late or too early but still dark outside.

They talked about the bar. ‘Their’ bar. They talked about each other. They talked about where they wanted to lease space and with youthful giddiness caught a cab to each location to scout them in the dead of night.

By the time they got to Nigel’s, they couldn’t keep their hands off each other, and Nigel hoisted Lee up until his legs wound around his hips and carried him to bed.

“Whiskey and wine,” Lee sighed, stretching with a pleased groan in the tangled sheets after and scratching gently over Nigel’s chest.

“Not a cocktail.”

Lee snorted. “Absolutely not. Just the color your eyes get when you’re horny.”

“If that ain’t a precursor to fucking destruction,” Nigel mumbled, tucking his face against Lee’s hair and breathing him in. “Are you going to sleep or not, terrible thing?”

“If you don’t sleep, can’t wake up with a hangover.” Lee pointed out, grinning when Nigel hummed.

“Too right, darling.” he said, shifting to pin Lee lazily to the bed again. “Too fucking right.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> *“You don’t play the fucking piano.”*
>
> *“I play the fucking piano,” Nigel countered, amused. “My mother made me take lessons as a kid, and I was good at it.”*
>
> The soft and fuzzy conclusion (for the moment) on these two!

Chapter Notes

> Thank you guys for joining along for this HEU pairing :D we LOVED writing them and are so glad others love them too!

Opening a bar was a pain in Nigel’s ass worse than any spanks Lee might have playfully given him. There was so much fucking *paperwork* , for one thing. And too many snobby government assholes sneering down their noses at Nigel in his patterned shirts and jeans.

But he was doing it for *Lee* . Lee, who brightened day by day as they found a place and slowly began to piece it together.

“We should have a piano,” Lee decided, standing in the midst of construction efforts. Nigel tugged him back against his chest.

“Do you *play* piano, gorgeous?”

“Not a note,” Lee admitted. “A little guitar, but that doesn’t really fit the atmosphere.”

Nigel kissed his temple, arms slung low around Lee’s waist as he breathed him in. “We could hire someone?” He suggested. “Or I could play it for you, if you’re desperate.”

“You don’t play the fucking piano.”

“I play the fucking piano,” Nigel countered, amused. “My mother made me take lessons as a kid, and I was good at it.”

Lee turned in the circle of his embrace and gave Nigel a look. The other raised an eyebrow, something he found himself doing more and more the longer he and Lee were around each other.

“What?”

“I call bullshit,” Lee grinned, but it was a teasing accusation. Nigel snorted. There was no piano nearby or around to test the theory and it amused him to have Lee hanging in suspense like this. In truth, he did play piano once, and he had been good at it as a kid, but he hadn’t touched the keys in years. Maybe it was like riding a bike?

“We’re getting one,” Lee decided after another moment of deliberate contemplation, grinning. “And you’ll play it for me.”

“Incorrigible,” Nigel sighed, kissing Lee’s cheek before letting him go.

They didn’t physically help with the construction, just supervised. Lee, strong though he was, wasn’t someone used to physical labor day in and day out and pushing himself to his limits was something he reserved for the bedroom. And Nigel? Nigel knew shit all about construction. He did the behind the scenes organization instead.

They ran together every morning, after waking up to each other; Nigel grumbling about how much he hated mornings and Lee teasing him with promise of a blow job in the shower if he got up to run with him.

They slept together, ate together, *lived* together. It was a lot like being married, except no one was screaming at him.

And Nigel was worshipful, as he always was when emotion overtook him. He found himself catering to Lee more and more. They bought a piano for the bar. They bought a piano for the *apartment* . Life moved on in leaps and bounds.

“I can’t do this.”

Lee had frozen behind the bar, apron slung around his hips, wine glass at the ready. He was staring at the door with a sort of wide-eyed terror Nigel had never seen on him.

“What do you mean you can’t do this?” Nigel asked, fumbling with his keys. “We open in two minutes, bit late in the game to get cold feet.

“I haven’t done this in *years* ,” Lee protested. “And it’s New York City! Lights and glitz and drama, and here I am with my tiny little wine bar-”

Nigel kissed him, soft and sweet and achingly gentle. “You’ve never met a challenge you didn’t immediately crush under your heel,” he murmured. “We did the marketing, the ads, we bought the wine. All you need to do is smile and pour, and inevitably, you’ll do that while making everyone feel like they should be crawling on their knees. Ready?”

Lee snorted, shook his head. “No,” he admitted, but he let Nigel open the doors anyway. He smiled when people came in and looked around, he greeted and laughed and poured wine and quickly gathered a crowd, because that was the kind of person he was.

They had set the place up to look like an old speakeasy, simple in a city full of them. They had wingback chairs and shadowed corners, wine was served in glasses, but whiskey - their

only other drink available - was served in tea cups. The piano was free to play, but otherwise music hummed quietly from hidden speakers, loud enough to be heard but not distracting. People mingled and chatted, Lee hosted two separate sessions on wine tasting 101, Nigel held court with the whiskey bar and Lee had no idea what he was doing there.

It didn't matter.

Whatever it was, people were smiling and curious, eager to learn and taste and spend money.

Time flew. Opening night brought with it more people than they'd even imagined and word of mouth would bring even more. They would be exhausted. It would be incredible. They'd set the bar hours initially to be from eight 'til late', three nights a week. They could increase the nights, or the hours, if they felt they could handle it, but it was a good start.

Lee locked up and turned around to see Nigel wiping sweat from his brow with one of the towels he'd had hooked in his apron. He took a moment to just look, to take in this man who was rough around more than just the edges with everyone but Lee. Handsome and almost rugged, someone who would have made a killing as a gladiator back in the day. Lee leaned back against the door and took him in, watched Nigel pour himself some water, watched him toss the towel to his bar and stretch his arms up over his head with a low groan of contentment.

"Play for me," Lee asked, loud enough to catch Nigel's attention. He tilted his head unnecessarily to the piano. "Please."

Nigel had played for him dozens of times by now, but he still felt the catch of nerves every time. Music had meant so much in his life, and sharing it felt like sharing some huge piece of himself. He ran his fingers lightly over the keys, thinking.

Lee liked light pieces the best, music that moved and flowed, sweet and pleasant. He didn't like to feel sad. He didn't deserve to ever feel sad, in Nigel's opinion.

Nigel played Lee's favorites, transitioning smoothly from one song to the next. It had all come back to him with only a few weeks of practice, muscle memory never fully fading.

After a few minutes, Lee settled next to him on the bench, and his hand found Nigel's. Nigel stilled, turning to catch wide, serious blue eyes.

"I couldn't have done this without you," Lee said quietly.

"You could've. You could do anything."

"I wouldn't have *wanted* to."

Lee's mouth was hungry when it found his, kisses rough. He pushed forward, slinging a thigh over Nigel's lap. Nigel's hands found his hair, *finally* long enough to tug, curling at the ends.

He was gorgeous. The fire that had sparked between them from the first awkward encounter hadn't gone down at all in the time they'd shared together. Lee was still the dominant bastard

that Nigel had grown to love and damn near worship, and there was never a time he wasn't happy to submit to his whims.

There was literally no one else on earth Nigel would have gone to his knees for.

"What else do you want, spoilt boy?" Nigel asked him, smile crooked as he regarded the man above him. Lee sighed against him.

"You," he said, haughty and light, pleased with himself because he knew he would get it. Truly a spoilt thing. A princeling. A terror. "Your face between my legs sucking me off."

"I'll make you come," Nigel promised. Lee's eyes narrowed.

"You can try."

That hadn't changed either; the push and pull of their personalities against each other. The challenges. The games. The pleasure they took from each other and gave back in spades, over and over.

It was very, very early morning, and they had the bar to clean up and the register to count. They had to get home, shower, eat something, sleep.

None of that stopped Nigel from grasping Lee by the hips and hoisting him up onto the piano, the discordant notes mingling with Lee's surprised laugh as he obediently spread his legs and set his feet to either side of Nigel's thighs on the bench. Nigel bared Lee just enough to do what he was told, to suck Lee's cock between his lips and moan around it, but no more. He relished the gasps, the pleased sounds, the whines. He loved that Lee pushed up onto his toes, arched up and back, forced more helpless clanging from the piano keys.

Nigel curved his hand around one of Lee's ankles and guided him up to wrap his leg around Nigel's shoulders. Lee's fingers tightened in his hair, he moaned Nigel's name, and rocked his hips up, pushing deeper into the welcome, willing heat before him.

Nigel's hands gripped Lee's hips, guiding him into discordant thrusts, his gasps a high melody in the empty bar. Lee used him roughly, and Nigel moaned for it, choking willingly as Lee fucked his throat.

Finally, Lee yanked him off, lips red from how hard he'd bitten them.

"I want to make you come," Nigel said hoarsely.

"I want to ride your cock," Lee countered. He shoved his shorts down, stradling Nigel awkwardly on the bench. He ended up shoving Nigel down to lay on it, just to keep them both from wobbling.

They were a mess, the two of them, sweaty and exhausted, laughing into each other's mouths as they fumbled, hands clutching, legs trembling. It took an age for Lee to sink down onto him, but when he did, he let out a breathy moan that made the wait worth it.

Nigel thrust up into him, barely able to move but eager to give Lee everything he could. Lee looked down at him, stunningly beautiful and every bit as fierce as he always was. God, Nigel loved him.

Lee rode him, entirely shameless in his pleasure, uncaring for the fact that they had two floor to ceiling windows that faced the street, uncaring that even at this hour someone could walk by, could see. Kinky bastard. But Nigel was hardly complaining, when deft fingers worked open his shirt and buried themselves in the hair on his chest, when they sought a nipple and pinched it, when Lee bent down to kiss him, curling an arm around Nigel's head and panting his name.

"Come on, darling," Nigel murmured. "Come for me. Let me see what my cock does to you."

Lee grinned, eyes still closed and expression utterly blissed. He shook his head, but it was hardly denial, his body was already gearing up for release, and when he came it was with a groan against Nigel's throat, heat spilling between them as Lee jerked back against Nigel's cock over and over. He sunk heavy against him when he was done, muscles still twitching with gentle spasms around Nigel, still hard inside him.

"God, I could fall asleep right here." He mumbled, snorting when Nigel slapped a hand against his ass.

"Yeah well you're not fucking going to. We have to clean this place up before we leave."

"Do we?"

"Yes."

"But we own it," Lee grinned, nuzzling against Nigel's throat. "We can do whatever the fuck we want."

"What I want," Nigel said, groaning as he pushed himself up to sit, cradling Lee against him as he did, "is to finish up here, take you home, and get fucked stupid. Can I have that?"

Lee grinned, setting his hands on either side of Nigel's face before kissing him chastely. "I suppose."

Nigel hummed, hands light over Lee's hips again. "Then get that gorgeous ass off my cock and get cleaning, darling."

End Notes

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